

POINTS FOR PANTOMIME PRODUCERS.

(To be adopted in the coming Century, or sooner.)

REMEMBER that dinner is not over before 8.30, and commence the show at 9.

See that there are a couple of low comedians to see what can be done for raising a laugh.

Let the scenery be magnificent, with electric light.

Let the ballet have a chance, and cater for the fittest of fifty.

Recollect that Yuletide amusements are no longer for boys and girls, but children of an older growth.

Take care of your Stalls, and your Pit and Gallery will look after themselves.

Bear in mind that the modern young person of fifteen could startle her grandmother.

Let the entertainment close at eleven, so that the pleased spectators may have time to sup at a restaurant.

Recall the proverb, you may take a child to the Pantomime, but it's his Grandfather who will really enjoy it.

Finally, be up-to-date in your decorations, and by universal consent ignore that good old-fashioned bore—the Merry Christmas Clown.

RESOLUTIONS RESISTED.

(By a Duffer.)

To give up drink I will not swear,
But do not be afraid,
The ribbon blue I always wear,
My drink is lemonade.

To smoke a single cigarette
I will not take an oath,
Because I've never smoked one yet,
To do so I am loath.

To go to bed at ten o'clock
I never did design,
I trust my sentiments don't shock,
For I retire at nine.

And I shall never make a vow
To rise at seven sharp,
I've always risen until now—
At six, so do not carp.

I'll not resolve to tell no lies,
I am a guileless youth,
And even when it's most unwise,
I always speak the truth.

I will not swear to swear no more,
Don't disappointed be,
For I do swear I never swore
At those who swore at me.



Mr. Grumble. "I SEE BY THE PAPER THAT MOUNT VESUVIUS IS IN ERUPTION."

Mrs. G. "OH, I'M SO GLAD!"

Mrs. G. "THERE YOU ARE AGAIN, MARIA. NOW WHY ON EARTH SHOULD YOU BE GLAD?"

Mrs. G. "WELL, YOU CAN'T BLAME ME FOR IT, THAT'S ALL!"

THE NEW DESCENT OF MAN.

THE following announcement appears as a special paragraph in *Le Littoral* of Cannes.

Mr. ROBINSON est descendu hier à l'hôtel Métropole.

The news adds a fresh interest to life on the Riviera. Though Mr. ROBINSON has "descendu" at the hotel he is not likely to remain immured within its walls. He will drive about the town, probably walk through its streets. At any turn one may meet him, though, unhappily, without certainty of recognition. Still, it is something to have the prospect of entertaining ROBINSON unawares. Meanwhile we are comforted with knowledge of his descent, leaving for awhile the companionship of his co-archangels BROWN and JONES, to walk with lesser men.

AN EDITORIAL NOTE.

It is announced that after more than forty years' occupancy of the Editorial Chair of the *Birmingham Daily Post*, Mr. JAMES THACKERAY BUNCE retired with the old year. Mr. Punch wishes

him many happy returns of the new one. He did much to establish a paper that is an honour to British journalism. He and it have ever been the resolute impeccable advocates of what they regarded as first causes. They are of the sort that bring provincial journalism to the level of the surprised metropolis. After forty years of life's fitful fever as it beats about the chair of the Editor of a great daily newspaper, Mr. BUNCE has earned the right to rest well. May he long enjoy the opportunity.

CRUEL CANNIBALISM!

FACT! STRANGER THAN FICTION! AWFUL SLAUGHTER! DE ROUGEMONT OUTDONE! MUNCHAUSEN NOWHERE!—This Christmas Day—and that it should happen on such a festival, too!—the better the day the worse the deed—*Six dozen Natives were brought down with one barrel. They were all exposed to view in shells; and while yet quivering with scarcely extinct vitality, they were eaten whole and raw by some persons, on our South-West coast, who do not term themselves cannibals.* In not a few instances, the natives were deprived of their beards, which were cut off with a sharp instrument, before the bodies were eaten.



"PLEASE, AUNTIE, MAY I HAVE THE FAIRY OFF THE CHRISTMAS TREE—IF I DON'T ASK YOU FOR IT?"

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.
II.

Christmas Day (continued).—All go in to dinner laughing loudly at nothing in particular; but Christmas-time, so must be merry. Much tying of serviettes beneath juvenile chins. Soup served. TOPSY immediately washes her hands in it. AUGUSTA to the rescue, and mops up pool on tablecloth. "No soup for me," says MAX. "And don't you have any either, STINKER" (nice nickname this for TOMMY). "A feller can't last through a Christmas tuck-in if he has a blow-out of soup first. There's the turkey, and beef, and pudding, and mince pies, and Stilton cheese to think of." PILLINGTON sniggers sarcastically, as though to call attention to the bad way in which the General brings up his boys. General frowns at MAX, who kicks TOMMY under table. Unpleasant pause. Say hastily, "You're not drinking anything, PILLINGTON." "Oh, isn't he!" bursts in TOMMY. "Why, I've counted—" But at this moment, MAX, with the aplomb which always distinguishes him, exclaims, "Shut up, STINKER," and TOMMY subsides,

glared at by everybody. So embarrassing PILLINGTON laughs uneasily, and declines, with severe smile, to take any more champagne. The two boys drink theirs *with water!* Ye gods! My Irroy slashed out into tumblers and drowned with water!

This gives PILLINGTON his chance of scoring off General. "Should think champagne, even when diluted freely, hardly the thing for the young folk," he says, in his best "bed-side" manner, looking at me. Why me? So unpleasant. Evidently a challenge to General, who retorts, "I don't think the quantity *my* boys take is likely to hurt them; but *your* youngster doesn't seem over bright, my dear fellow." All eyes turned upon the wretched WILLIE. WILLIE ill; no doubt of this. Lays head on table and groans. MAX laughs. So brutal. TOMMY guffaws and says, "Little beast!" So rude. Suggest sending for doctor. PILLINGTON furious. Says, freezing, "I think even *my poor skill* equal to dealing with this." Apologise. He examines WILLIE's tongue, and then says, pompously, "The case is one of poisoning by—" But with a yell, AUGUSTA dashes up to clutch her offspring. "The

lobster patties!" she cries. "I knew it all along!" "I thought it was the soup. Thought I tasted something or other in the soup," growls General. "CHARLEY, with the responsibility of so many young lives at your table, I really think—" But here PILLINGTON shouts, "No, no! When I say that it is poisoning, I don't mean poisoning by—" "Then why the devil did you say so?" from General, indignantly. "Just like all these fellers, always frightening you." PILLINGTON resumes, "WILLIE has been poisoned by some foreign substance—" "That be blown!" cries MAX. So vulgar. "The little beggar's eat one of Uncle CHARLEY's cigars before dinner, and it ain't agreed with him!"

PILLINGTON, AUGUSTA, and WILLIE promptly disappear. Dinner drags somewhat after this. "May we get up?" asks MAX. He and TOMMY rise, and war-whoops from study soon announce that they are enjoying themselves chasing my pet Persian. Suggest billiards, but find AUGUSTA's three eldest sprawling over table eating caramels. Snap-dragon to wind up. DAISY burns nose and howls. BERTHA eats too many raisins, turns pale, and says she feels just like she did "coming home from Boulogne." Is removed expeditiously. Ten o'clock. No carriage; ten-thirty, no sign of carriage; eleven-thirty, messenger saying PILLINGTON's coachman drunk. "So sorry, dear CHARLEY, you'll have to put us all up for the night. There'll be my husband and myself, the five children, and the two nurses. How lucky I didn't bring another!" And so to bed at last, the curtains drawn, head on pillow, and then—THE WAITS!!!

POSTAGE STAMP INSCRIPTIONS.

A Few More.

The new Canadian penny stamp bears the modest motto, "We hold a Vaster Empire than has been." This suggests boundless possibilities in the way of bumptious inscriptions on stamps. Here are some crude ideas:—

For England.

We are richer than Anybody.
We are Tremendous Swells.
The Policeman outside the Mansion House is the finest in the World.

There are more Faddists in England than in any other Country.

Our Fleet can smash all the rest.

Mind your Eye!
By Jingo, if we do—!!!

Go to Jericho!

There are more Omnibuses in London than anywhere.

One of our Journals has the Largest Circulation in the World.

We have a Prime Minister who is bigger than any other.

We had a Leader of the Opposition of similar Stature.

For France.

La grande Nation.
A bas les autres Pays!
Conspuez nos Rivaux!
Paris est la Ville-lumière.
Nous avons les meilleurs Vins du Monde.
Notre Cuisine est sans égal.
Nos Gouvernements sont innombrables.

For Germany.

Unser Heer ist kolossal.
Unser Kaiser ist groszartig.
Unser Thiergarten ist wunderschön.

For the United States.

We lick Creation.

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

To the Earl of Rosebery.

MY LORD.—Among the various sorts of speculation, whether upon the Stock Exchange or in the world of thought, none is more fascinating than that which deals with the careers and the possibilities of public men. It will probably not surprise you to learn that there are in this country innumerable men engaged at present in casting your horoscope. They are from the ranks of both political parties: some of them devote blameless abilities to the service of daily or weekly journalism, some are well-known to the general public, others hide such light as they possess under the bushel of some remote association of provincial politicians; but whatever their pursuits may be, they are united by one common tie of wonder as to what will become of yourself when destiny next shuffles the cards in the game of Liberal Leadership.

You may ask me why I should intrude my pen into this over-penned subject. Is it fair, you will say, to add another to the small worries—the pen-pricks, as I may term them, of daily life—that beset a retired statesman whose one desire it is to shrink from public life and all its turbulence in order that, calmly reposing either at Dalmeny or at the Durdans, he may devote his ease to the composition of graceful essays on literary men? You may object, of course, that this, which I have put into your mouth, is not a fair statement of your position or your desires, but in my case I may appeal for my justification to *JUVENAL*, who, as you know, qualifies with an unflattering word the intention

*Cum tot ubique**Vatibus occurras, peritura parcere chartæ.*

With him I may say,

Semper ego auditor tantum, nunquamne reponam?

though I make no indiscreet attempt to find a modern parallel for the hoarse *CODRUS* who drove the Roman poet to the composition of his satires.

What then is to be your fortune? The question, difficult enough in itself, is rendered more than ordinarily difficult by the fact that little or no guidance is to be gained from a study of your own words and acts. You seem content, if I may adapt the lines,

To leave the brutal world to take its way,
And, "Patience! in another life," you say,
"The world shall be thrust down, and I up-borne."

That is, of course, so far as the world of political strife is concerned. The position for a man of a sensitive temperament—and, to be sure, you do not possess the thick skin or the brazen front that Birmingham begets in some of its celebrated citizens—the position, I say, is an intelligible one. The meanness, the jealousy, the spite, the spirit of petty intrigue, the underhand strivings, the crosses, the disappointments—these which make up a part, small or great according to circumstances, of the atmosphere in which every public man must move, foil you and depress you and wear you out. But these, too, to a strong man conscious of his vigour, are incentives that spur him to renewed effort, and you too, if indeed you are what your friends in private or in the Press declare you to be, will battle down obstacles so petty and will assert your manhood over their ruins. Agreeable, no doubt, is life at Dalmeny, pleasant it must be to play the part of the happy man delighting in his children, his books, and his swift and well-trained horses, and to issue forth only upon the most judiciously selected public or semi-public occasions to praise some successful soldier or to endear yourself to Scottish hearts by skillful eulogy of the much eulogised *BURNS*. Such a life is easy and delightful in its way, but can it suffice to one who has drunk delight of battle with the House of Peers, and has swayed the destinies, for however short a time, of a great people? I think not. You are still, as our statesmen go, young, and soon or late, whether you be chosen to form a Government or to lead a Party, the inexorable pressure of circumstances will force you from your retirement.

Well, my Lord, you have many advantages: you have wealth and high position, a gift of oratory which, though perhaps sometimes too carefully elaborated and too little spontaneous, is generally happy in its effect both on those who hear and those who read, and a neat trick of planting a dart between the joints of Lord *SALISBURY*'s harness. Even the Duke of *ARGYLL*, that rough-tongued Caledonian boar, has felt the arrow of your wit and has retired defeated from a contest too rashly undertaken. Moreover, you have many friends, whose devotion you have secured as much by the charm of your sympathetic manner as by your public services to the State. But on the other hand there are drawbacks. I do not speak now of the melancholy fact that you are an Earl, for I do not think, whatever Mr. *LABOUCHERE* may say to the contrary, that the average Liberal entertains anything but a cordial admiration for an Earl as a chief exponent of his political



SOLILOOZY.

"IF I HOLD ON, I'LL LOSE MY TRAIN; IF I LET GO, I'LL FA'! DIV ONBODY HEAR TELL O' SIC A PREDICAMENT!"

creed. But there are others. Men who mistrust you—I grieve that they should exist—have been heard to say that you lack not merely political insight but nerve. It was you, they say, as much as the two young Emperors, who brought to nought the efforts of Christendom on behalf of the Armenians, for in that terrible crisis your courage gave way and you shrank back before the perils that your timorous imagination evoked. And in truth, without some such crisis, we have no opportunity for estimating the true quality of our public men. Many a man has for the greater part of his life fancied himself to be brave, who, when actual danger came and blows were impending, felt his heart contract and all his courage ooze away. Strength after all lies in action and not in valorous words or in the rhetorical putting down of a foot intended for the intimidation of foreign nations.

Others there are, strong and consistent Liberals, who regard with an uneasy suspicion what they term your curious devotion to the things military, and your propensity to a somewhat sentimental Jingoism. These men—they are not so few as is often supposed—hold by the ancient faith. They are not Little Englanders, for most of them would spend the last drop of their blood in defence of the Empire; but they doubt if the Empire is well served by those who swagger and bluster and shape their policy to earn the approval of Mr. *ALFRED AUSTIN* or of the music halls. They believe that the acquisition of an African swamp is more than counterbalanced by heavy taxation and the increase of militarism; and they desire that their leaders should apply themselves with greater earnestness to the Condition of England question.

Here, my Lord, I must end. I cannot flatter myself that I have done much to make your future clear. Perhaps it were best to leave it to speak for itself. In the meantime, I remain,

Your Lordship's faithful servant, THE VAGRANT.

"ALL FOR 'E.R.R.'"—If Sir *EDWARD RUSSELL*, in the *Liverpool Post*, does occasionally tell an amusing tale which has to be contradicted by somebody or other, recently by Lord *ROSEBERY*, then under the signature "E.R.R." he has only to print the quotation,

"To ERR is human: to forgive divine."
And won't Lord—er—er—*ROSEBERY* be pleased!



MUSIC-HALL INANITIES. No. I.

Miss Birdie Vandeleur ("Society's Pet"—vide her advertisements *passim*) bows the refrain of her latest Song:—

"Ow, I AM SOW OFERLY SHY, BOYS!
I AM, AND I KENNOT TELL WY, BOYS!
SOME DY, WEN I'M OWLDER,
PERAPS I'LL GIT BOWLDER,
BUT NAOW I AM OFER-LY SHY!"

DEPRECIATIONS.

II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Right Hon. J. CH-MB-RL-N (on stage at this end of Telephone).

His Honour OOM PAUL (off, at the other end). Telephone Clerk (off, at Pretoria Exchange).

J. C. You there? (That makes the twenty-second time).

I ask Your Honour whether you are there. I ask Your Honour whether—Yes; I'm here. I'm Mr. Secretary CH-MB-RL-N. [speak No, not a New Year's Greeting. I would

On urgent business. Yes, about the Rand. What? No, the House is up and these remarks

Unpublished save for MILNER. To the point. Strange rumours reach me from Johannesburg

Of ribald outrage, right of speech refused To rich but honest residents, brutalised By Boer-constrictors rampant to the teeth, Patrols o' the common highways, clappers o' cuffs

[own, On who opes mouth to call his breath his Or being a Cape-boy cannot lightly change His natural tegument, dusk-hued at best.

All which libertinous acts are execute

By mandate,—not Your Honour's, let me hope.

Unversed in ways o' the world, and wrapt in lore

Of Holy Writ, whereof the primal text Bids love your neighbour even as yourself (Not better, there I am with you fast enough),

You'd hardly credit how beneath your nose, I' the very shadow of the hat of you, Most naughty men of Belial, called of Oom, The sword, so named, of Gideon girt at hip, Harry what strangers house within your gates.

(One moment while I light a fresh cigar. You hold by pipes, I fancy? Pray, be lit. So to our muttons. Is Your Honour there?) Three years ago this blessed New Year's Day A certain leech, the same whose effigy Your Volksstem crew cremates to-morrow eve With patriot pyrotechnics, this same leech Made an excursion—raid, i' the vulgar style—

Without my privy knowledge (need I state?) Whose utter innocence was plainly proved Before Inquisitors—What? "The secret wires?"

No optic demonstration; mere surmise O' the baser sort—this leech, as I remarked, Made an excursion, unattended by The full success his phantasy foresaw.

"A wicked trespass," say you? Be it so. But 'twas a fault has been long time atoned, And served Your Honour's turn this many a day,

Who month by month have drawn on that account

Something too heavily; which else had kept A balance for you, posted now against. 'Tis held that even a worm, and I am none, Turns ultimately, being sat upon Past bearing; nay, the same no less applies To camels, humped or other. Look you, friend,—

For who should proffer help if not J. C., The man that loves you more than you might think?

Take it from me, then, there's a bitter cry, The haunting wail o' the harrowed mil-

lionaire, Auriferous oof-bird's cackle, plucked on nest In act of laying, knocks importunate At the Sovereign's ears, that is to say, at Mine,

Right Honourable J-S-PH CH-MB-RL-N'S. Now learn a lesson you should have by heart.

Chary of menace, one who weighs his words,

I am a holy Terror, being roused! A little more of this, and I shall come (In spirit, let me say, not in the flesh; That were to risk a precious life indeed, Which gone, the State were crippled past repair;

In spirit, therefore, body an absentee); By Delagoa Bay, conceive me come, The flower of British chivalry at my back, Full wistfully as who has loved you well, And pound you even to mincemeat, much as ore

Is crushed by battery stamp-heads, you know how;

Wiping our scutcheon clean o' the record blot, Majuba Hill. Enough! I merely drop A genial warning. Mrs. Kruger well?

Last night I dreamed about her . . . Are you there? [Pause.]

I ask Your Honour whether you are there? [Pause.] Hears fresh voice, and resumes. Who are you? What? "Pretoria Exchange?"

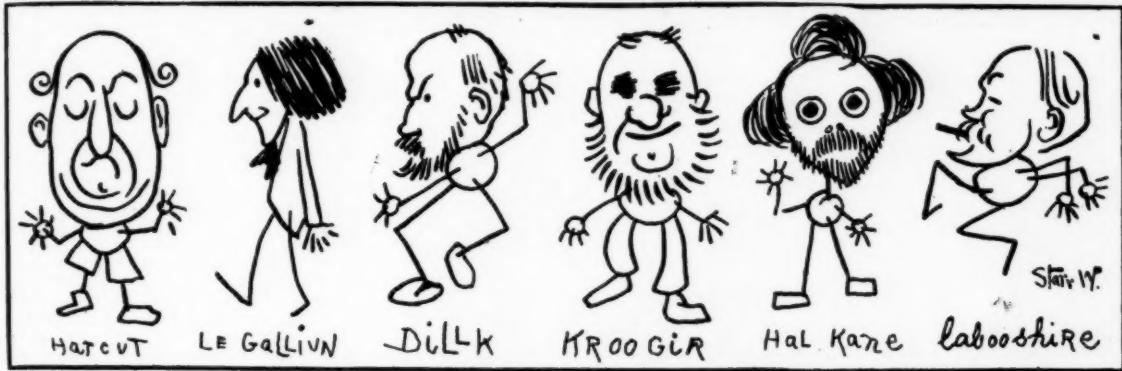
What? Oh, His Honour gone to bed, you say?

Asked you to switch him off? Oh, very well.



A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.





"DERE MR. PUNCH,—I HAV DROORN SOME GENTELMEN FOR TWELVE NIGHT CRACKERTERS.—YORE LOVING ARTIS, ITTY NELL."

THE FAIR AND FORTY THIEVES.

MESSRS. ARTHUR STURGEON and ARTHUR COLLINS have collaborated in the authorship of the Drury Lane Pantomime, entitled *The Forty Thieves*, for which the music has been "composed, selected, arranged," and is daily and nightly conducted by JAMES M. GLOVER, for no pantomime at "the Lane" could now be complete unless this particular GLOVER, a most handy man, fitted it with tunes, harmonies, "melos," and all the kinds of music essential to the dancing, the singing, and the action. The original ballets are by CARLO COPPI, a name that in sound does not suggest originality, aided by JOHN D'AUBAN and son, the last mentioned being evidently a most dutiful follower in the nimble footsteps of his parents. All the costumes are specially designed and supervised by COMELLI, and are shown to the greatest possible advantage on the Comelli-est figures. The scenery, by MESSRS. PERKINS, McCLEERY, HICKS, CANEY, SPONG, and BRUCE SMITH, is quite up to the Drury Lane mark in design and colour; the first two taking the cake of paint for the Exterior, and the last in the list the prize for the Interior of the Cave.

Once again the members of the *Merry-as-a-Grig-olatis Aerial Troupe* fly about gracefully, but aimlessly, in the Robbers' Cave, causing some trouble in the minds of the majority of the audience, who thoroughly remember the old familiar story, as to whether these elegant astral bodies are the wives and daughters of the Forty Thieves, or are fairy forms whose gymnastics are invisible to the unclothed eye, even when stimulated by the strongest glasses. But what is a pantomime without fairies, good and bad, and here they are—"let 'em all come"—with a considerable preponderance on the side of the beneficent sprites.

Miss NELLIE STEWART is *Ganem*, and gain 'em she does with her fine presence and her most effective singing. A lively *Morgiana* is Miss AMELIA STONE, and magnificent are Mlle. RITA FRESCO and LILLIE BELMORNE as *Hassan* and *Cogia*, who, with the other thirty-eight "Thieves," may be calculated upon to steal away all susceptible hearts among the audience. But where does the fun come in? Why, with stolid HERBERT CAMPBELL as the Fair *Zuleika*, with Messrs. GREEN and LE BRUN evoking peals of laughter as "the Donkey," who, like the veritable "Ole Joe" of *Nigger Minstrelsy*, is always "a kicking up ahind and afore"; and last, but best of all, with DAN LENO, as *Abdallah*, Captain of the Forty Thieves. He is small, but immense is DAN LENO: his duel with

Ganem is a bit of real good pantomime that sets the house in a roar, and, indeed, from first to last, although the part does not offer him such opportunities as he has had in former pantomimes, he is the very life and soul of the entire entertainment. If the humorous songs, choruses, and dances are not quite up to the Drury Lane standard, yet "the Porcelain Ballet" is one of the prettiest, most graceful, most artistic effects ever seen on any stage, be it where it may; and well does it deserve the thunders of applause with which it is received by a crowded house.

We have only four queries to put to authors and management, and these are: firstly, why



MR. PUNCH AT THE PANTOMIME.

damp our enthusiasm by dropping the curtain so frequently? Secondly, why have any interval? Thirdly, why not construct the pantomime to last from 7.30 till 11, and not a minute beyond? Fourthly, why not make it worth the while of some talented individual to restore the harlequinade to its pristine fun and vigour, and let us have this from 10.15 to 11? The Managing Director, Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, has shown what can be successfully done with "Old Drury"—and to "come after the king," AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS, was no easy task,—now let him just consider these four queries before he gives us his next Drury-Lanian Annual. In the meantime *Mr. Punch* and the public are thoroughly content with the present first-rate show.

LITERA SCRIPTA MANET.

British Authors for the Million.

THE MODERN NOVEL.

EACH reader no doubt, who was born to Astonish the world with his pen, Must wish to write books that are worn to A shred by the thumbing of men. I assure you, the thing is quite easy, Or so I am constantly told— Your hero must never be breezy, Your heroine's eyes must be bold.

If you want to accomplish a novel, A masterpiece destined to be, Then study your types in a hovel, Imagining more than you see. Most carefully sort and examine The yield of a scavenger's cart; Should that be too clean, you may cram in The dust-bin at home—it is Art!

You must analyse every sensation Which decadent love-making gives, And affect an effete penetration In knowing the world, as it lives. With philosophy sprinkle your pages, Far-fetched and hysterical stuff, And extract from the vista of ages The impossible, sordid, and rough.

Upset every kind of relation, Which custom has sanctioned and law; In building your wondrous narration Make bricks with the nastiest straw. Let your men one and all be unable To work with the sword or the pen; Like the bird in HANS ANDERSEN's fable, Make the women cry "Let us be men."

The plot, though a trivial matter, Make nasty and nude and antique, And drop in irrelevant chatter, Misquoted from Latin and Greek. Though it give you some trouble to do it, Find shocking new names for a spade— And if MUDIE would only taboo it, The fame of your novel is made.

THE POLICY OF THE "OPEN DOOR."— Highly questionable. For all suffering or liable to suffer from coughs, colds, chills, and bronchial catarrh, at this or any other festive season, nothing can be more fatal than the policy of "open doors" everywhere. Keep out of draughts in a comfortable arm-chair, not too near the fire, and, in a genial frame of mind, study *Mr. Punch's Christmas Number*.

READY-MADE COATS-OF-ARMS; OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



HENRY, 1ST BARON HAWKINS OF TRYHAM FAIRLEIGH AND SENTENSHAM :

Arms : Quarterly: 1st, In a paddock vert, under a chapeau-de-soie jauntily poised with a rake chirpy, a seasoned sportsman of bouhomie endossed turf to the last (*Motto* : "Frustum rectissimum!"—"A little bit of *all right!*!"); 2nd, An historic claimant adipose ortonée, brazen and effrontée in perjury, punctured, pilloried and exposed proper by counsel; 3rd, Under a judicial bench cosy but enuyée and chafy in the dark, a fox-terrier proper of renown (since deceased) constant in fidelity (*Suggested Epitaph* : "Nox et foxtrea nihil!"); 4th, Under a sword of justice suspended in imminence by a hair proper a sinister scoundrel of criminality, chained cringeant and paly, appraised proper from the first, justly doomed and handed over damnée in charge to the jury. *Crest* : Out of a wreath of laurels vert, a veteran hawk-eyed eagle of the law, robed sanguine and wiggled proper poudré in horse-hair, collared, furred and laced, reguardant in pince-nez (*Motto* : "Aquila non capit muscas!"—"Flies don't settle on *him!*"). *Supporters* : Dexter, a typical counsel of the common-law bar guttée de larmes, robed silk, fairly prostrate in bereavement, and wieldng with laudable vigour an heraldic mouchoir; Sinister, an old bailey, gorged proper with causes célèbres lurid and transpontine to the full, collared freely in advance for preference.

A VANISHED ISLAND.

(Extracts from the *Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.*; Fourth.)

Gulf of Lyons, Saturday afternoon.—Before we left London, the Member for Sark, who is a special authority on Channel Islands, talked a good deal about a group in the Mediterranean.

"Minorca and Majorca are all very well," he said. "But stoo till you see their neighbouring isle, Majolica."

Off the islands just now; can see the long serrated edge of Majorca, the softer outline of Minorca; but where is Majolica? The keenest outlook, the most searching quest finds no trace of it. SARK seriously troubled. Evidently island has been grabbed, or, to use more diplomatic language, been annexed. But what Power has stolen a march in the night on its unsuspecting neighbours? SARK suspects Bohemia, burning with desire to extend her sea-coast and obtain in the Mediterranean a coaling-station for her fleet. Thus is the greed of the Great Powers in the far East iniquitously contagious.

Jump at opportunity to read new work by author of *Mona Maclean*, which am glad, but not surprised, to see is in its thirteenth edition. Fancy *Windyhaugh*, Dr. MARGARET TODD's book just out, won't go so far. It has some of the touches of character and description that made its predecessor pleasant. *Mr. Darsie* in particular is delightful: but the heroine, *Wilhelmina Galbraith*, grows a little wearisome in her wrestlings with the truth, and her determination towards self-sacrifice. After all, Dr. Todd suffers chiefly by comparison with herself. Putting *Mona Maclean* aside, *Windyhaugh* would make its mark.

Sunday.—Since the *Caledonia*, the *India*, and the *Egypt* were added to the P. and O. fleet, the *Peninsular*, in her time the crack ship, has fallen into the ranks of the second rate. She is nevertheless uncommonly comfortable, a splendid sea-beat. By comparison with her swell sisters, her bath accommodation is primitive. We haven't, for example, on board a spray bath, an arrangement of semi-circular pipes, in the centre of which you stand, and at turn of a tap become the

target of hundreds of jets of water, the temperature to your taste. But the spray bath has its drawbacks. Remember the trial trip of the first P. and O. steamer in which it was introduced. Quite a feature in the ship. Keen competition for its use in the early morning. Going for it once was beaten by a head by a dear friend among the directors. "Won't be long," he said, as he disappeared within bath-room.

Presently heard fearful shriek. The adventurous bather dashed out of bath-room, his skin the colour of a boiled lobster. He had inadvertently turned on the hot water tap. That an accident awkward enough for an ordinary man who, on discovering his error, could jump out of iron circle. But if, by reason of unruffled good temper, you become the kind of man *Othello* loved—are indeed so sleek that, entering a spray bath, you must need insert yourself by the aperture sideways—it will be understood that withdrawal, under whatsoever pressure, is not instantaneously accomplished.

Marseilles, Monday.—Among constitutionally idle Marseillaise the fishing industry is popular. There is about it an appearance of doing something, combined with absolute immunity from work that is alluring. To-day, in perfect Summer weather, the basin outside the dock is thronged with fisher-folk. They cluster like bees on a jutting bastion of the quay, every man armed with a colossal rod. Far apart we come upon a serious-mannered man decently attired in black, his grave countenance spectacled. It is a cloudless Summer day, but he has brought with him an umbrella of gampish proportions. He might lay it aside whilst he fishes; prefers to keep in touch with it; has accordingly cunningly inserted the handle somewhere in the neighbourhood of the small of his back, the umbrella hanging down partially hidden by his coat-tails.

This leaves him free to devote both hands and undivided attention to the manipulation of his fishing-gear. Its like was never seen on sea or land. It is a net something the shape of a stocking, fastened by the mouth to a stick as others, seeking the salmon at the river's mouth, use the landing-gaff. At the bottom of the net is a baiting, and a bit of lead to cause the net to sink. How the fish are to get in, whether through the network, or in by the open mouth of the stocking, does not appear. In the limpid waters of the Mediterranean the sunken net is plainly visible. You could see the whole process of fish-catching if fish were caught. But whilst we look on breathlessly, nothing happens. Whether the wary fish respect the strange net, whether they are abashed by the spectacled countenance overhanging it, or whether they catch a glimpse of the umbrella pendant among the coat-tails, is not known. Certainly no fish are caught.

One enterprising sportsman has secured an enviable coign of vantage. He has got himself rowed out to a metal tank-like buoy moored some fifty yards from the quay. Here left till called for, he fishes with rod and line. Close by is a stout little boat just in from a coasting voyage. Captain and crew, three all told, are taking their breakfast cooked *al fresco* by the Captain's boy. It consists chiefly of maccaroni fished with fingers out of a common dish. Also one stone bottle serves for all. It has a short pragmatical spout projecting from the middle of its bulging side. The Captain inserts the spout in his mouth, and holds it there whilst, with head thrown back, he gazes on the lustrous blue

sky bent over him. It is evidently a case of the round peg in the round hole. Mouth and spout seem made for each other. Strange to say, the stiff-looking, uncompromising spout fits with equal precision the mouth of the mate, and eke the boy, who in turn insert it, whilst the Captain takes the opportunity to plop three tar-dewed fingers in the dish, and with deft turn convey about a quarter of a pound of its contents to his mouth. "Et à cent toises devant lui il vit s'élever la roche noir et ardue sur laquelle monte comme une superféitation du silex le sombre Château d'If."

But the good Captain is not thinking of Monte Cristo and his memorable captivity. Rather his mind is occupied with anxious thought whether, if the stone jug is permitted to make another round, it will be any use plugging his mouth with the spout when it again comes his way.

"CELA VA SANS DIRE."

Some people, worthy in their way,
Some instinct wrong obeying,
Invariably elect to say

The thing that needs no saying,
They seem to hold a fond belief—

Wrong-headed, quaint and queer—
That they, in fact, don't say it, if
They add "cela va sans dire"!

Superfluous speech is want of tact,
Which cannot be defended;
Would they might learn this mighty fact,
"Least said is soonest mended."
(By Jove, the thing which I've tabooed
I've done myself, I fear!
So, since I've penned a platitude,
I add, "cela va sans dire"!)

Who blabs the thing he should suppress
I count still worse a sinner—
A secret told ere lunch to Jess
Is public news by dinner:
She can't make out how people know,
On one point she is clear,
She has not let it "further go"—
Of course! *Cela va—sans dire!*

One thing, I know, which might be said,
Will stay unsaid for ever—
One little thing, which one fair maid
Might guess with small endeavour.
Had I as many pounds to-day
As I have pence a year,
That thing my heart might find to say—
Alas, *cela va sans dire!*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. DOUGLAS SLADEN is not disposed to rest upon laurels earned by the resuscitation of my Baronite's venerable friend *Who's Who* (A. AND C. BLACK). This is the third year of the new issue. It sees the volume considerably increased in bulk, whilst the price remains stationary. The added space has been utilised for the inclusion of 1,500 additional biographies. Amongst them are found particulars relating to those uncrowned kings Mr. CECIL RHODES and Don CARLOS. Nearly a score of other novel features add to the value of this indispensable book of reference.

If any one, but a few minutes before the Baron had taken up *Owd Bob* (METHUEN), by ALFRED OLIVANT, had told him that he would become deeply interested in a tale, of which the conversation is carried on in the Dalesmen's dialect, "twixt Trent and Tweed," and whose main theme is the praise of one "Bob, son of Battle, last of the Grey Dogs of Kenmuir," the Baron would have stoutly denied the possibility of the assertion. And further, on opening the book and coming across, "Noo, Bob! Stan' till her! Heart oop, lad! Noo, noo he's comin'! Ma wud! a despact fratch!" the Baron was actually on the point of closing the record for good an' a', when his Good Genius whispered in his ear, "Tolle! lege!" whereupon, much doubting, he continued the perusal, and rarely has he ever been better repaid for acting on good advice and carrying out an inspired resolution. *Owd Bob* is the story of two dogs, an exceptionally good dog and an exceptionally bad one, and the two

owners resemble their canine followers respectively. The story is admirably told; and the strange mystery of the sheep-killing *Terror*, which baffles the vigilance of Dalesmen and police alike, is as weird and as thrilling as that of the repulsively horrible White-chapel crimes. The descriptions, whether of scenery or action, are throughout strikingly graphic. There is just one line in the book which the Baron would fain have had omitted. It comes at the finish of the chapter that records the end of the Black Killer, *Red Wull*, and of his master. Perhaps in future editions this line may be expurgated.

To all those who, taking their ease in a cosy corner by the fireside, love to follow some gallant hero and lovely heroine of romance through adventures so exciting as to cause the reader to grudge the few seconds that take his attention off his book in order to bestow it on the slowly expiring fire, the Baron strongly recommends *Across the Salt Seas* (METHUEN), by J. BLOUNDELL BURTON, an author's name that hath in it a smack of ancient Crusading minstrelsy, and of good modern English ale. Yet would the Baron, in a tone of gentlest remonstrance, ask romance-writers, one and all, why they are, nowadays, so unnecessarily soft-hearted at the supreme moment when a detestable villain, who ought to meet his fate at the hands of the hero whom he has not only foully wronged, but whose life he has attempted, by cowardly assassination, is suddenly and unaccountably allowed to escape scot-free? True, he may be subsequently killed by some mere accident, but such ending is unsatisfactory to every one, and especially to

THE BARON DE B.-W.



"THE MUZZLE PUZZLE."

[On Friday last the muzzling order was revoked, excepting within the Metropolitan Police area.]

Distracted Old Lady. "OH, POLICEMAN, THERE'S A DOG WITHOUT A MUZZLE FIGHTING MY MOPPS!"
Robert. "VERY SORRY, MA'AM, BUT I CAN'T INTERFERE. THAT SIDE OF THE STREET AIN'T IN THE METROPOLITAN DISTRICT!"



OBEYING ORDERS.

"IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR MASTER TO SAY, 'KEEP CLOSE TO MISS VERA, MILES'—BUT I WANT TO KNOW 'OO'S GOING TO TAKE MILES TO THE 'ORSEPAL!' "

A BURNING INCIDENT.

[According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Madame SARAH BERNHARDT has ascended Mount Vesuvius, when she lost an eyebrow and a curl.]

We cannot blame the Amorous Mount,
When SARAH ventured to his lair,
His fiery heart, of love the fount,
Was moved by SARAH's dainty (h)air.
With lava lips he longed to press
The goddess in his fierce embrace.
How hard he burned for one caress,
One kiss upon that Bernhardt face.
And so, unwrought by passion's whirl,
He scorched her eyebrow, stole her curl.
Then SARAH was not vexed or cross,
But showed her keen dramatic taste,
"I've suffered really no great loss,"
She cried, "these things are soon replaced!"

Credat Judaeus!

Southron (reading paper). Great whisky failure in Scotland.

The MacTavish (excitedly). Whisky failure in Scotland! (After a pause.) Hoot! mon, the thing's im-pawsible. They'd distil their bluid first!

[Is comforted by the subsequent explanation.]

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S "BEST BOOKS."—Bank Books.

MOTTO AT THE POST OFFICE.—"Floreat (Enniger) Eatona!"

A PROTEST.

(From the *Dogs of Middlesex and Surrey*.)

[The muzzling order has been revoked in Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Hampshire and Oxfordshire.]

Oh! Mr. LONG, 'tis very wrong
Or you to treat us so;
"Each dog," they say, "will have his day,"
Then ours must come, you know.
And when indeed from muzzles freed,
We'll exercise our jaws
Upon the shanks of all the cranks
Who made the muzzling laws.

So Jolly.

Dr. Giglamps (to Mrs. G., after studying scientific journal). There will be a real treat for the children these holidays, Maria. Professor Capricornus is to lecture on the 19th at the Institution on the Polophilodollious in the Entities of Sulphuretted Hydrogen.

[Intense delight of Master Euclid and Miss Zenobia Giglamps, who have heard of such things as pantomimes.]

In the Library.

Tommy. How beautifully those books is binded!

Little Dot. No, *Tommy*, that's wrong. You mustn't say "binded"; you should say, "are bounded."

MOTTO OF THE IMPECUNIOUS DURING THE FESTIVE SEASON.—Tip for Tap.

SOME SAFE PROPHECIES FOR 1899.

An article will be written saying that actors smoke and actresses drink tea, and the dramatic profession will rise to a man and woman to repudiate the black-hearted calumny.

The proprietorship of a newspaper will change hands with a view to the purchaser becoming a shining light in Society.

The medical profession will order ubiquitous consumption of some other ardent spirit instead of whisky.

The steering in the University Boat Race will be severely criticised by the supporters of the losing crew.

The flower of the flower of Society at Bayswater will discover that the high-level shake-hands has been discarded by the really smart for the last three years.

A number of amateur fire-engines will take part in the City show of the ninth of November without seriously compromising the safety of the metropolis.

Millions of Christmas greetings will come from the heads of the nation, and two per cent. from the hearts.

FIGURES FOR THOSE WHO NEED THEM.

A TWENTIETH of the population object to theatres, the remainder support them.

Half the people write to newspapers, the rest read them.

A tenth of the civilised globe partake of spirits in moderation, the others drink them without the self-imposed restriction.

Five-sixths of mankind admire women, the residuum know them.

Seventy-five thousand scientists have from time to time attempted the solution of the secret of perpetual motion, the German Emperor has discovered it.

Out of every ninety-two men, one, on the average, is perfectly happy, and he is a bachelor.

During Yuletide, 5,654,321 Christmas cards are posted, accompanied by two hundred and seventeen really good wishes.

The Way of the World.

SAYS the *Daily News*:

"Yesterday, at the churchyard, Bagshot, Surrey, there was unveiled a memorial to the girl EMILY JANE POPEJOV, in connection with whose death Mrs. NICHOLLS was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude at the Central Criminal Court in May last. It takes the form of a Sicilian marble cross, about six feet in height."

Poor POPEJOV! In life she vainly asked for bread. Dead, we give her a stone.

TO THE MATRONS OF COLUMBIA.

[The vital statistics of several districts of the United States show an increase of two per cent. in the births of males during the last two months. This some authorities attribute to the enthusiastic war feeling prevalent last April.—*Daily Paper*.]

O WOMEN of the Stripes and Stars
(Like Venus amorous of Mars),
Your warlike love prevails;
Your bosoms feel a patriot glow,
And straightway birth statistics show
An increment of males.

Hide, SCHENK, your now diminished head!
Not wherewithal is woman fed.

Your product 'tis to settle;
If they but hate their country's foes,
Nothing but males they will compose
Of their "undaunted mettle."

Then Yankee Matron, never blush
To let a patriotic flush.

Replace your normal pallor;
Till far and wide throughout the land
Male fists of many a chubby hand
Shall gage their mothers' valour.

Annual run on the Yuletide Banking Company (Unlimited).

Jocosus. Well, Miserrimus, how have you spent your Christmas?

Miserrimus (gloomily). Spent my Christmas! Oh! in the usual way. Hands in my pockets all the time.

Jocosus. Probably. And you never took 'em out—except when you couldn't possibly help yourself, eh? [Miserrimus dries up.]